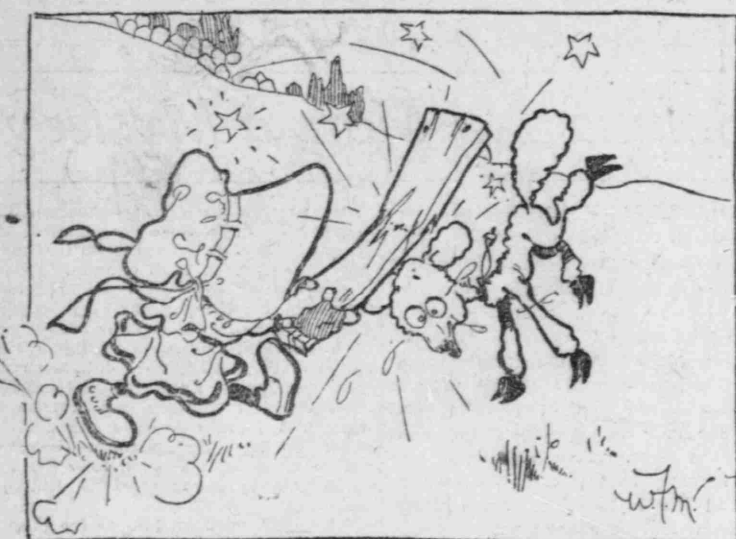
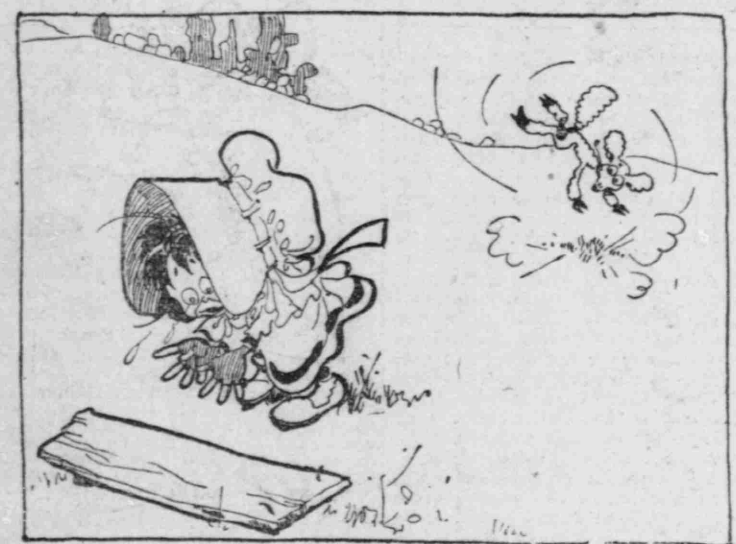
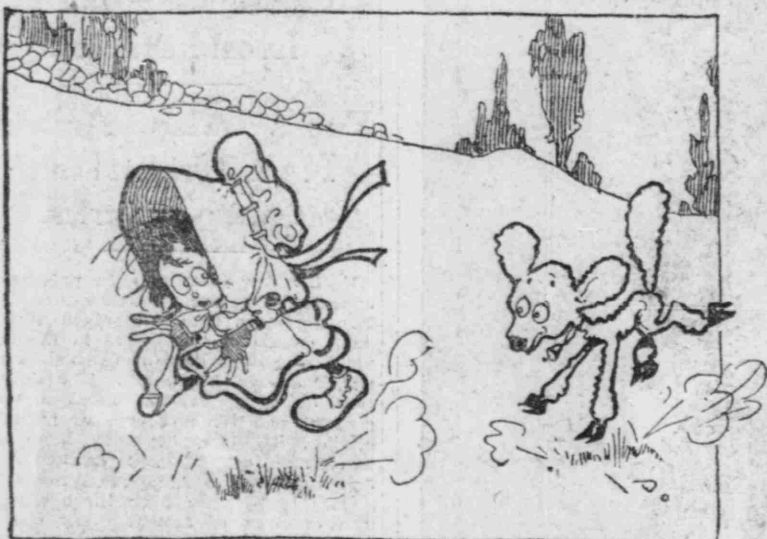


HAVE A SMILE WITH THE COMIC ARTISTS



A NEW VERSION.

Mary had a little lamb,
It was rough-house in its play
Till Mary got a little board
And lam'd the lamb one day.



THERE ARE OTHERS.

She—I don't see why Mr. Nixbox is running for Congress.
He—I guess he needs the money.



MARCH.



TAKING NO CHANCES.

"My intended husband is a financier."
"How do you know?"
"He didn't buy the engagement ring until I had accepted him."



INGENUITY.

Doctor—Why, you said in your note that you had the croup, and I come here to find you have the rheumatism.
"Well, Doc, there wasn't a soul in the house who could spell rheumatism."



A SERVANT.

"His family was greatly disappointed when he married that girl."
"Was she foreign?"
"No—a domestic."

NOSEOLOGY.

He—Your nose reminds me of a little vegetable.
She—Why?
He (this is not the old joke, "because it's a little reddish;" it's another vegetable, dear reader)—Because it's a little "trn-up."—Cleveland Leader.

EXPLAINING IT.

"Yes, Angellina, when I muttered something in my sleep last night about being out on a bluff I was dreaming of a delightful excursion a friend and I took to Dover Cliff in England several years ago."—New Orleans Times-Democrat.



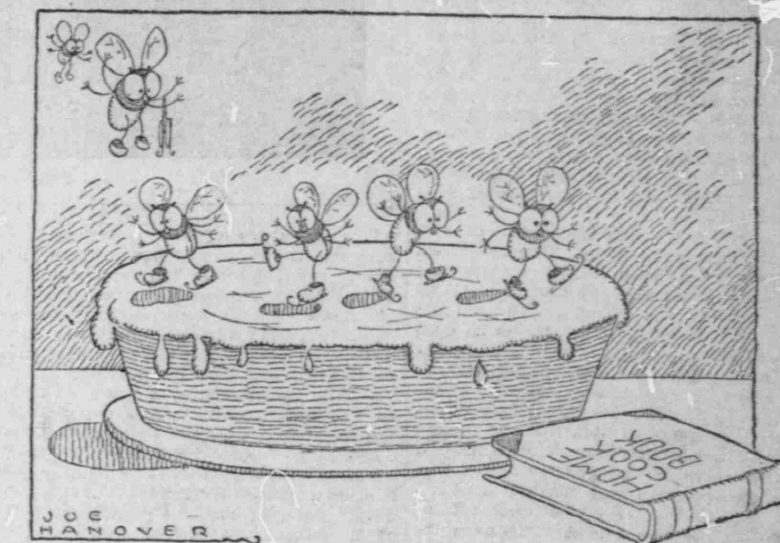
BUSINESS IS BIZ.

"Do you believe in signs?"
"I should say so. I'm a sign painter."



HER CHANCE.

He—I don't know what to give up during Lent.
She—You can give up enough to buy me a new spring outfit.



Chorus of Bugs—My, if the icing on this cake lasts, we'll have a glorious day's sport.



"My brother cleaned out a bank."
"Cashier or janitor?"



Find the mischief-maker who disturbed the old man's slumber.